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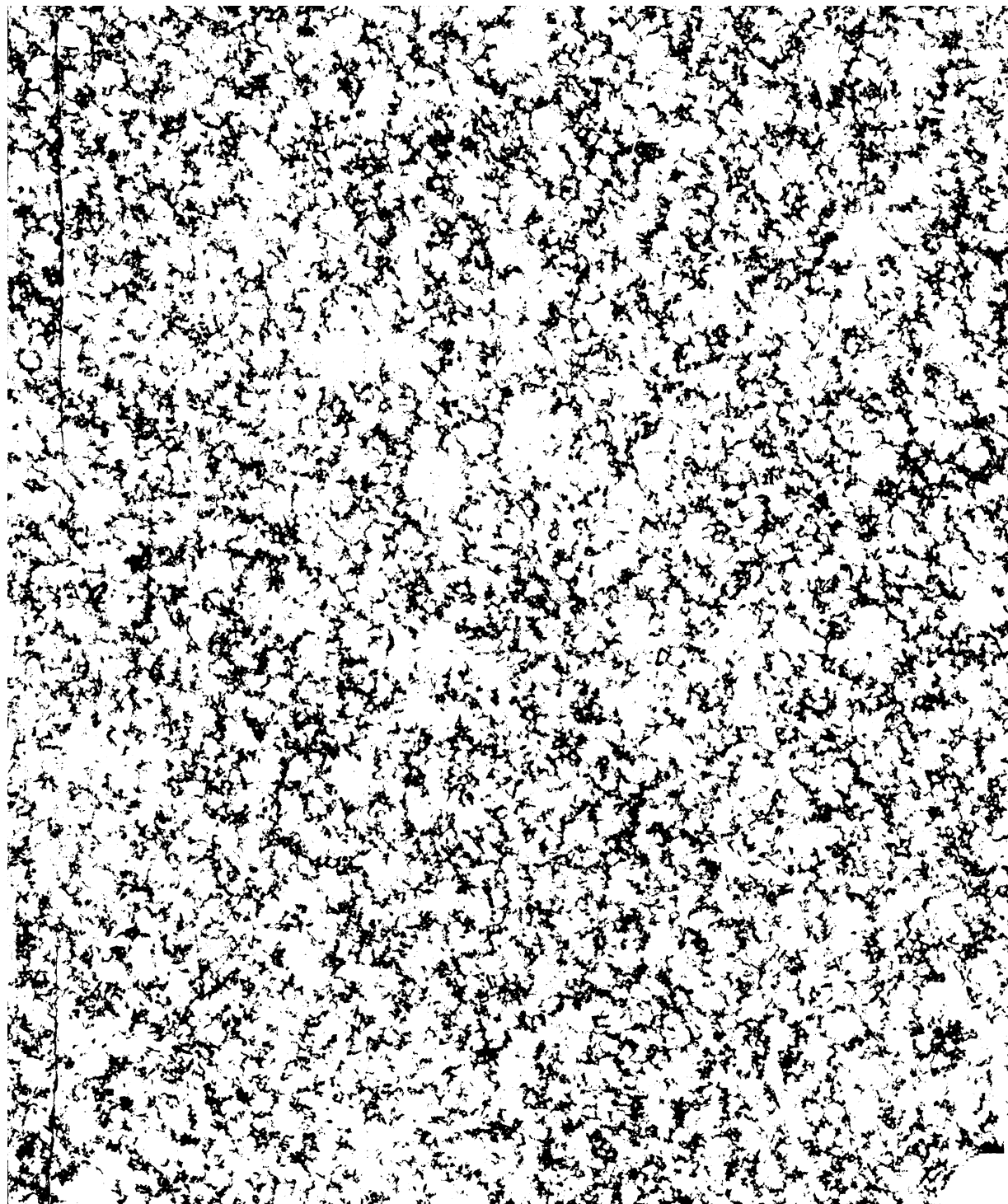
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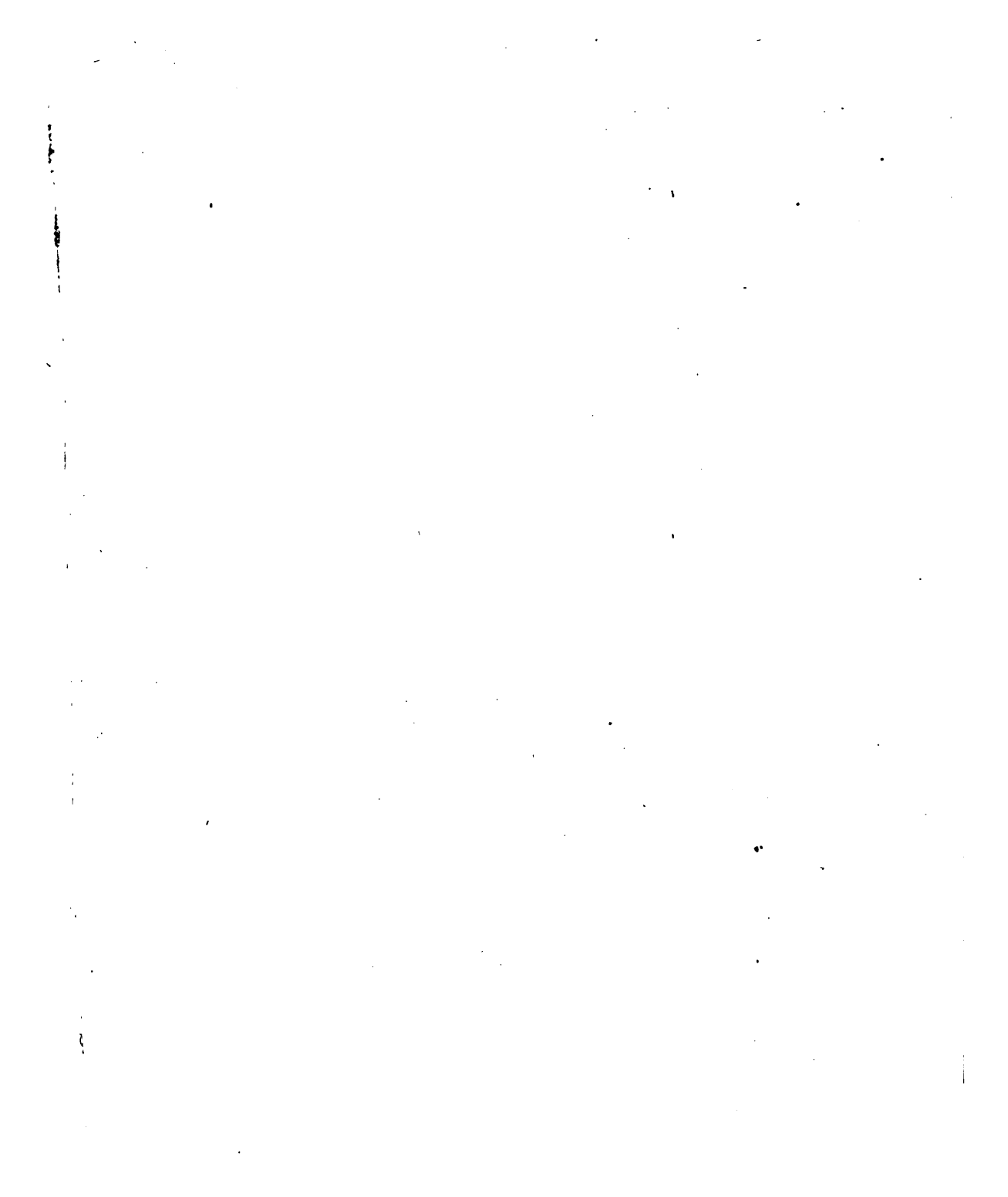
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IN MEMORIAM

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HARRIET E. HATCH

WIFE OF

A. J. F. BEHREND'S

BORN, APRIL 18TH, 1839

MARRIED, AUGUST 24TH, 1865

DIED, JANUARY 27TH, 1882

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PREPARED BY HER HUSBAND

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PROVIDENCE  
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION  
1882.

920.72  
H36b

**"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."**

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## IN MEMORIAM.

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Oral tradition is proverbial for its uncertainty. Unless seized at the very sources, gathered from the living witnesses, or verified by written records, it is in danger of additions and modifications that may speedily make it almost worthless. No time should be lost in giving fixedness to such traditions as are capable of verification, if they are of sufficient importance to be preserved as part of the family inheritance. And however partial such ancestral knowledge may be, it is plain that its value is increased year by year, generation by generation.

If we have no cause to blush for our ancestors, we cannot know too much of them, nor can we be too careful in preserving what we may know. The following pages are not meant for the public eye. They are a husband's loving tribute to the memory of a faithful wife, fittingly described in a letter from a friend of many years, as "brave, sunny,

and gentle-hearted," whose devoted Christian motherhood he would have preserved, in perpetual freshness, in the hearts of her children. They have been prepared as a labor of love, and with the desire of preserving, in permanent form, some more complete knowledge, than is practicable by oral tradition or a notice in the Family Bible, of the ancestry and life of one, whose motherly presence was withdrawn from her children when the youngest was only eight years of age. The sterling and unobtrusive traits of character she exhibited will be seen to have been rooted in the soil of a pure and godly ancestry, reaching back through many generations. The blessing of the fathers had descended upon her, and from her own soul it flowed, a deep and generous stream, filling the broad and blessed sea in the home she graced and ruled for nearly seventeen years. May her children succeed to her inheritance!

HARRIET E. HATCH was the fourth child, and the oldest daughter of JESSE W. HATCH and of HARRIET E. (*Allen*) HATCH, his wife. She was born in Rochester, New York, April 18th, 1839. Her mother died, after a very brief illness, October 6th, 1867. The family consisted of eight children, five sons and three daughters, of whom three sons and two daughters survive, all of them married and residing in Rochester.

The subject of this sketch was of New England descent, and of Puritan blood, through both the paternal and the maternal lines of ancestry. THOMAS HATCH, her paternal ancestor, was born at Biddenden, in the county of Kent, England, about thirty-five miles southwest of London, in the year 1603. He came to Boston as early as 1633, perhaps in 1630, and was made a freeman in 1634. No man could be a freeman in the Colony unless he was twenty-five years of age, had a family, was a freeholder, and a member of the Puritan or Congregational Church. He remained in Boston about five years, removed to Yarmouth, and finally located at Barnstable, where he was a member of the church whose pastor was the Rev. John Lathrop, and where he died in 1661. His wife was the daughter of a Welsh farmer in Kent or Cornwall county, between Barnstable and Falmouth, England.

His only son, JONATHAN HATCH, was born in England in the year 1625. He, with thirteen others, one of whom was Isaac Robinson, son of the Rev. John Robinson, of Leyden fame, was one of the purchasers of the plantation of Suckanesset, now Falmouth, in 1660, and one of its four original settlers, as well as chairman of the committee to lay out, apportion, and make sales of the lands in the grant. His house was located near the present Congregational Church.

He was a man of considerable influence, acquired a large amount of real estate, and he and his sons were large landholders in Falmouth. He lived to a very great age. His youngest son was the first white child born in Falmouth; and was named MOSES, because "he was born on a bed of bulrushes, in a temporary cabin, the roof of which was a whaleboat, turned keel up."

From JONATHAN HATCH, the present family are descended, according to the evidence supplied, partly by written records, and partly by well authenticated oral tradition; though the branches are so numerous and the descendants so scattered as to make exactness of statement practically impossible. Many of them have been pioneers in the settlement of new States, in Vermont, New Hampshire, and the West, and they have been uniformly outspoken and active as the friends and supporters of the Christian Church. Not less than thirty of them shared in the privations of the war for the preservation of the Union, and some of them sealed their devotion in their blood.

The father of the deceased, JESSE W. HATCH, was born at Granville, Washington County, New York, on the 20th of May, 1812, united with the Brick Presbyterian Church of Rochester, New York, in 1842, of which he has been a ruling elder for twenty-three years. He has been a resi-

dent of Rochester fifty-one years, and has been widely and favorably known as a shoe-manufacturer, the trade being largely indebted to him for many of its mechanical improvements of the last forty years. He was the son of LEMUEL HATCH, who was born at Lee, Massachusetts, on the 6th of April, 1788; living for many years in Rochester with his son, where he died on the 16th of January, 1871. Lemuel Hatch was the son of OLIVER HATCH, who was born at Falmouth, Mass., on the 6th of February (Old Style), 1755; a soldier of the Revolution, leaving Falmouth soon after the close of the war, settling in Lee, Mass., afterwards removing to Granville, Washington County, New York, and finally settling in Groton, New York, where he died at the age of eighty-five. Oliver Hatch was the son of LEMUEL HATCH, known as *Lemuel Hatch, of Lee*, who was born at Falmouth between the years 1730 and 1734, was married in the year 1754, lived for many years at Lee, Mass., and removed to Grand Isle, Vermont, in 1796, with his son Ebenezer, brother of Oliver. He lived to be ninety-two years old, and is buried in Grand Isle. He and his son Ebenezer were pioneer settlers, and men of wealth.

Beyond this date (1730-1734) there is a break in the documentary evidence. The Falmouth descent is however clearly established, whose first representative was JONATHAN

HATCH, son of THOMAS HATCH. It has been supposed that Lemuel Hatch, of Lee, was descended from Jonathan Hatch through his sixth son, SAMUEL HATCH, who was born in 1659 at Barnstable. It is not impossible or improbable that the records of the Congregational Church at Falmouth, if they are in existence, would furnish the missing links in the genealogy; but at the present writing there has been no opportunity for instituting the laborious investigation such an inquiry would demand. The names and dates here given are sufficient for tracing the family lineage beyond the sea, and through nearly three hundred years. It may be added that OLIVER HATCH, who was born at Falmouth in 1755, is known to have claimed that he was the lineal descendant of THOMAS HATCH; that Oliver's son LEMUEL, who died at Rochester in 1871, at the age of eighty-three, heard when a child, and communicated to members of the family now living, the same facts from the lips of his own grandfather and namesake, LEMUEL HATCH, OF LEE, who was born about 1730, and lived to be over ninety; and as JONATHAN HATCH, born in 1625, and living to a great age, could not have died before 1700, it is morally certain that LEMUEL HATCH, OF LEE, born only thirty years after this last date, could not have blundered in his testimony. In the absence of the documentary evidence, therefore, the oral tradition is unbroken

and trustworthy to the last degree ; while the written records trace the family to Falmouth, and to within a quarter of a century after the death of JONATHAN HATCH.

On her mother's side, the subject of this sketch was also of pure New England blood. Two streets in the city of Boston, Beacon and Tileston, derived their names from her maternal ancestors. Her maternal great-grandfather's name was JOSIAH BEACON, whose father and two brothers were engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill, where two of them met their death. Josiah had been detailed for sentry duty near the residence of ONESIPHORUS TILESTON, on Purchase street, opposite his wharf; and under these circumstances young Josiah made the acquaintance of MARY TILESTON, whom he married in 1784. This Tileston family claimed relationship with the family of John Hancock. The living children of this marriage were Mary, James, Tileston, and Harriet. Of these four children, MARY was the beloved and venerated grandmother of the departed. She is remembered as a woman of rare character, gifted with a peculiar grace that added a charm to the most ordinary courtesies and services, a gentlewoman of truest and purest type. Mary was married in 1808 to CYRIL FLINT, whose name was afterwards changed to FRANCIS ALLEN, by authority of the Massachusetts Legislature, to correspond with the name of his then living step-

father. Francis Allen died in 1840. The third child of Mary Beacon and Francis Allen was HARRIET E., born on the 5th of November, 1811, married in 1832 to JESSE W. HATCH, joining the same church with him in 1842, the blessed and dearly remembered mother of the subject of this sketch.

The TILESTON family derived their name from their early residence in Tilston, Cheshire, England, and were among the first settlers of Dorchester, Mass. One branch of the family altered the name to Tillotson, about the year 1600, of which branch was John, Archbishop of Canterbury. In the year 1580 there was living at Huxley, in Cheshire, a Thomas Tilston, who may have been an ancestor of the Dorchester family.

THOMAS TILESTON, whose name appears as one of the first settlers of Dorchester, was born in 1611, made a freeman in 1636, dying in 1694, and is spoken of as an enterprising and useful man. TIMOTHY TILESTON, his oldest son, was born in 1636, was made a freeman in 1666, was representative in 1689, a cooper by trade, and owned what has been known as the Tileston mill. TIMOTHY TILESTON, his oldest son, was born in 1664. He was the father of ONESIPHORUS TILESTON, the sixth child of the family, born in 1710. At an early age he removed to Boston, uniting



with the New South Church in 1735, a house-wright by trade, and for that day a man of wealth, the inventory of his estate exceeding seven thousand pounds sterling. He was a Selectman, and Captain of the Artillery Company in 1762. He died in 1771, and was buried in the Park Street (Old Granary) burying ground. His seventh child was MARY, born in 1751, and married in 1784 to JOSIAH BEACON, as stated above.

The above facts are partly traditional, but most of them have been verified by an examination of written records in Massachusetts, and may be found in the pages of the "New England Historical and Genealogical Register" for the years 1859 and 1860. Of those not thus supported, the larger number are derived from the lips of Lemuel Hatch, who died in 1871, while others were communicated to Mr. Jesse W. Hatch, in 1834, by the grandfather of his wife, mother of the deceased. They may be regarded, therefore, as in the main trustworthy.

No names of great brilliancy grace the long roll. But the genealogies have the merit of moral cleanliness, and their representatives have for nearly three centuries maintained their reputation for honorable character, sound intelligence, and true Christian dignity. Such an inheritance is something for whose possession one cannot be too deeply grateful.

HARRIET E. HATCH was the worthy child of such a lineage. Dedicated to the Lord, when an infant, in the ordinance of Christian baptism, trained in a godly home, and the child of many prayers, the pastor of her infancy received from her lips the profession of her personal faith in Christ when she was but fifteen years of age, and later the same pastor's voice crowned her with the honors of wifehood at the altar of the church of her childhood and youth. After receiving the best preparatory training in the select schools of the city, she was graduated from the Young Ladies' Seminary of which Miss Mary B. Allen was the principal, a school widely known in its day as one of the very best. On the 24th day of August, 1865, she was joined in marriage to the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, who had been graduated from the Rochester Theological Seminary in May preceding, and had been ordained to the work of the Christian ministry in July of the same year. She shared with her husband the burdens and joys of three pastorates; at Yonkers, New York, at Cleveland, Ohio, and at Providence, Rhode Island, where she died. Three children survive her, all of them born at Yonkers, and in the same house: Jesse Hatch, Harriet Lilian, and Minnie Randall; the first of whom was born May 8th, 1867, the second July 17th, 1871, and the third July 30th, 1873. Two children, born at Yonkers,

and one born at Cleveland, have been removed by death, dying in very early infancy. The sickness and death of these children made severe draughts on her nervous energy, her physical vitality not being equal to the strain from which her intense motherly devotion would not release her, and this undoubtedly left her with powers so enfeebled that the first severe attack of sickness prostrated her beyond the possibility of recovery. For while she was of slight frame, she was constitutionally sound, and possessed of remarkable recuperative energy, so that during the more than sixteen years of her married life she never had a sickness that assumed a dangerous form, and that long unfitted her for her manifold duties. To the very last she was hopeful and courageous, dying finally, according to the attending physician's certificate, from nervous exhaustion. There had remained enough of vital force to ensure many years of life, with good care, but not enough to resist and overcome any severe form of sickness.

On the 13th of December, 1881, by advice of her physician, she visited Philadelphia for consultation with Dr. J. E. Garretson in regard to some trouble connected with the lower jaw. A dozen years before it had been found necessary to remove a portion of decayed bone; and the wound never completely healed. Dr. Garretson decided that a

second operation was expedient, which he very skilfully performed, discovering and removing the irritating cause of the necrosis, and which the previous operation had failed to reach. This operation was a severe strain on a nervous system already much enfeebled; but the recovery was prompt and reassuring, and the wound healed completely. On Saturday evening, January 14th, 1882, she complained of pain in the abdomen, but supposed that the night's rest would bring relief. By Sunday morning it was evident that the case was too serious for ordinary treatment, and it soon appeared that she was suffering from a severe attack of dysentery. In spite of all that medical skill could do the disease ran through its ordinary course in the acute form; after which the patient rallied, declaring that she felt like a new creature, and would soon be about again, in which hopeful judgment her physician agreed. But the alarming discovery was soon made that the stomach utterly refused to do its very important work, even the medicines producing very great distress. Next, the organs of respiration became involved in the growing disorder; and the labored breathing, with the sleeplessness it created and maintained, soon exhausted what little energy remained. Her last hours seemed to be free from pain; and a few minutes after ten o'clock on Friday night, January 27th, she quietly and

peacefully breathed her last. She was perfectly conscious up to the last half hour before her death, recognizing her children and her husband, and promptly responding to their occasional inquiries, although too exhausted, and in too great suffering, to speak. There is no pleasure in recalling these painful details ; but as they serve to answer many questions that would naturally be asked by loving lips, they are here recorded to be read only by loving eyes.

Her death was as quiet as had been her life. She left as her dying legacy, not a few impressive words from the brink of the grave, but the example and precepts of almost twenty years of home devotion. Her's was not a scenic deathbed. The angels were there, but they were unseen, and the room seemed full of that holy silence which is vocal. The silence was more musical than any speech or song could have been. No assurances were needed that the withdrawing soul was about to pass upward through gateways of pearl into the city of gold. The calm eyes, opened for a moment at love's call, told that story. It needed no word to convince us that her love for us, so strong in life, was unchanged when the pitcher crumbled at the fountain, nor that her unselfish devotion and saintly life could ever be forgotten by those from whom she was so quietly taking leave. Quiet, patient, heroic, had been her life ; her death was its fitting close.

The basic quality of her mental and moral character was a quiet independence, that kept her self-poised and self-possessed. It was neither wilfulness, nor eccentricity. She was remarkably yielding in matters that were indifferent, and she never courted the reputation for holding new or advanced opinions. She never invited opposition, nor did she enjoy controversy. But she formed her own opinions, and was not easily moved from them; she reached her own judgments, and they rarely proved to be wrong. Her tastes were domestic, and her mental sympathies were conservative; so that she shrank from all that was prominent in social life, or that created discussion in public circles. Her friends were many, her intimates few; and the best affections, the richest services, were always and by habitual preference reserved for her household. Mourned as she has been by many, only they can be said to have known her for whom she lived and toiled, and who miss the presence of her face as the very sunlight of their home.

The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, in the audience room of the Union Congregational Church, Providence, Rhode Island, of which her husband was the pastor at the time of her death. On the afternoon preceding, a large number of her friends visited the home that she had occupied less than a year, and in whose

possession she had taken such genuine delight ; and here, in the cheery parlor, whose freshness seemed yet unworn, they looked at her face for the last time. Death had smoothed out every wrinkle of pain and care, and heaven's peace rested on the brow of the released sufferer.

The public services at the church had been preceded by a prayer at the house, offered by Dr. J. G. Vose, pastor of the Beneficent Congregational Church. As the casket was borne up the aisle, preceded by the deacons of the church, who acted as honorary pall-bearers, the organist played a funeral march from Beethoven. The audience room was completely filled, and many beautiful floral designs, provided by her friends, graced the casket, and the communion table before which it rested. When the casket had been placed, the quartette choir of the Union Church chanted the impressive anthem from the burial service of the Book of Common Prayer, beginning, "Lord, let me know my end." The Rev. George Harris, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, then read the following Scripture selections :

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice ; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications. If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. I wait for the Lord, my

soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning ; I say, more than they that watch for the morning. Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities."

" Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant and to those that remember His commandments to do them."

" God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be



moved ; God shall help her, and that right early. The Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge.”

“ Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts ; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.”

“ For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons ; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not ? Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”

“ God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“ My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father’s hand.”

“ Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.

He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy

victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

" And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve Him day and night in His temple ; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ. And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the endur-

ing of the same suffering which we also suffer ; or whether we be comforted it is for your consolation. And our hope of you is steadfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so shall ye be also of the consolation."

The reading was followed by the choir's singing of the hymn, "Sleep thy last sleep ;" after which the Rev. Dr. Vose, who had charge of the services, gave the following address :

Christian burial is not altogether an occasion of sadness ; and although in the presence of so great a grief as this, the best sympathy is undoubtedly that of silence and of tears, yet gathered together as we are a great congregation, and in the house of God, it seems proper, and I might say even an imperative duty, that there should be some expression of our faith in Christ, and the life immortal. Our Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to give us a new view of death. Indeed we are told that "he has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

To the Greeks, with all their learning and eloquence, death was only a message of despair. Their poets spoke of it as of a wrench from all that is desirable and blessed in life ; as of an exile from all that is bright and fair. Christ has given us another view of death. Indeed he scarcely

permits himself to use the word. When he enters the chamber where the mourners are gathered, he says, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." As he journeys toward the grave of Lazarus, he soothes his disciples with the words, "Our friend sleepeth." He speaks of his own departure with peace and hope, "I go to prepare a place for you." Though indeed he dreaded the agonies that accompanied his hour of suffering, yet he rises into exultation when he says, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God." Since that day, Christians have taken hold of this blessed assurance, and have shared Christ's exultation. Paul felt it when he said, "To die is gain." The early Christians felt it, and through the lapse of ages, they speak to us in the figures and inscriptions of the Catacombs, strangely preserved and revealed to us in recent days; those marvellous expressions of Christian hope, lighting up the dim regions, where they were driven in the hour of their distress. The place of burial was to them also the place of worship, where holy songs arose. Where the dead were laid, there the living performed their most sacred rites. Through almost ages, the Church has been the place about which the forms of loved ones have lain asleep, and where the tenderest human affections have mingled with the high praises of God, and the hopes of immortality.

Therefore, I am here, dear friends, in this place to-day, where your beloved pastor has so often addressed you. Strange, indeed, it is ; he, too, is here, yet not in his wonted place as a preacher to cheer your minds and point you to glorious truths. He comes now and takes his seat among you, as never before, a bowed and silent worshipper. In some sense I speak for him ; and I am here to tell you on his behalf, that “ the promises of God are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus ; ” that “ the consolations of the Gospel are neither few nor small. ” He feels, in some measure at least, that “ the grace of God is sufficient for him. ” It is sufficient for the darkest hour, and for the greatest sorrows that can fall on us.

And I am here, dear friends, also, to say, that there is cause for thanksgiving when a true disciple has been called home to the blessed communion of saints above. There is cause for thanksgiving when a life has been lived in Christ ; when faith in Him has brightened all life's trials and changes. I am not here to use words of vain praise or ordinary commendation, least pleasing to our beloved friend ; nor even to speak of the virtues so sacredly and tenderly cherished in the hearts of those who knew her best. But it were in some sense doing an injustice to the grace of God, did I not here publicly offer thanks for a life which daily showed forth the

power of Christ to sustain us in all changes and difficulties, and to uplift the soul under the weakness and infirmity of the body ; a life of Christ-like renunciation, ever giving others happiness, ever mindful of their welfare, and counting it a joy to minister to them, in the least and humblest ways. The life is that, which, above all things, Christ has taught us to regard. Surely it is not the creeds in which we express our faith ; it is not the grandest utterance of human lips ; it is not even the Bible itself, the literal word of God, that we are to value so highly, as the life of the disciple joined to Christ.

You know that the beloved John turns away even from the words of the Master, which he cherished so tenderly and recorded more exactly than any other, to something grander yet, saying, "The Life was manifest and we have seen it." A life of quiet obedience to Christ, of sincere and faithful attention to the commonest duties, is better and more precious than all loud expressions and bustling activities. I think you have marvelled, dear friends, sometimes, when you have listened to the clear and powerful expressions of our brother, as he has uttered forth great Christian truths. You have felt thrilled, by an unusual depth of fervor, as he has spoken of the power of the Christian life. You did not recognize, and he has not perhaps fully recognized until this hour, what

it was that strengthened him and enabled him to believe. It was not because of the arguments and evidences that are paraded oftentimes as the bulwarks of our faith, but rather because of the simple life of godliness that was so near to Christ—the life that was manifest continually before him and his children.

And now, dear friends, this grief which is brought upon our brother, is partly for your sakes and for mine. It is a grief which goes from heart to heart ; its lessons are wide. Such sorrows are not intended for one person or one household alone. In one of the most mysterious yet beautiful utterances of the Apostle Paul, he says, “ I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, in my flesh, for his body’s sake which is the church.” Mysterious words these, but a Christian, a suffering disciple, a suffering servant, may feel that they are verily true. Never are we so closely joined to Christ, never do we so much build up his work in the world, as when we share with Him in his sufferings. Let us lift up our hearts in holy prayer and humble desire, that God may employ this sorrow for good, not only to those weeping ones, who feel it most, but also to every one of us, in all the churches of this city ; that wherever it is known, it may lead all hearts to a better and more constant devotion



to Christ, and that we may seek the Holy Spirit of God to descend on us, in all the fulness of his grace.

We try to lift up our thoughts toward the heavenly world where our dear sister has gone. We aspire to think of that glorious inheritance upon which she has entered. How marvellous the change from weakness and pain to the joy and rest of that blessed home! Severed for a little while from those who mourn so deeply, she is yet united to the company of the "saints made perfect," to her own early friends and kindred, and to the children from whom she parted with so many tears. How wonderful is the transition which reveals so much,—how kind the summons of the Angel of Death, who gives so much more than he can take away! Many of late with whom we have walked in holy fellowship, have suddenly disappeared from our side. They have just stepped within the veil,—the thin, impalpable veil, that divides us from our eternal home.

"I saw in my dream," says the almost inspired author of the Pilgrim's progress, "I saw, as they came near the gate of the city, that some came out to meet them with crowns and having palms in their hands. And they led them within the city, saying, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord,' and there, with the great multitude they joined, saying, 'Blessing and glory and honor and power be unto Him that sitteth upon

the throne and unto the Lamb forever.' And they rest not day nor night, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.' And as they passed within the gates, I looked in, and behold! the streets of the city shone like gold, and those who dwelt therein were clad in bright raiment and their faces were transfigured. And after that, they shut the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Laurie, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, after which the choir sang the following hymn, from the early pen of John Henry Newman :

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on;  
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on;  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

The casket was not opened at the church, and after the benediction had been pronounced by Dr. Vose, the great audience slowly filed out, and the body was conveyed to its temporary resting place in Swan Point Cemetery, where at an early day it will find permanent burial in a beautiful lot provided by the generous thoughtfulness of many dear friends in the church and congregation. A snow-storm, which proved to be the severest that had been known here for fifteen years, had begun before the church had been reached, and its severity increased every moment; and so, amid the wild and warring elements of nature, the body was consigned to the earth, in the grateful assurance that her spirit was forever beyond the reach of storms, and in the equally sure hope of that blessed immortality, of which the risen and glorified Christ is the living pledge and prophecy.

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former

things are passed away. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light ; and they shall reign forever and ever.”

AMEN AND AMEN !











